

THE LAY-MAN'S MAGAZINE.

"THOU SHALT LOVE THE LORD THY GOD WITH ALL THY HEART, WITH ALL THY SOUL, AND WITH ALL THY MIND—AND THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF."

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OBITUARY.

From the Christian Observer.

Died, at his fathers' residence, at Paddington, March 19th, 1811, Mr. Basil Owen Woodd, aged twenty-three years, eldest son of the Rev. Basil Woodd, rector of Drayton Beauchamp, Bucks, and minister of Bontick chapel St. Mary-le-bone.—He was born July 14, 1787: his disposition was remarkably amiable, generous, affectionate and tender.—His father designed him for the church, and with that view, being of opinion that a domestic education was least exposed to danger, educated him at home. His mind in early life, at the age of eight or nine years, was the subject of religious reflections; and at that early period he took great delight, when alone, in Bishop Kenn's Manual for Winchester Scholars. As he grew up, his manners were most engaging, and his talents respectable. Having made a moderate proficiency in the Greek and Latin languages, and general knowledge, at the age of eighteen his father proposed his entering at the University, where he had the unspeakable mortification to find that his son declined the church. His reasons which he assigned were conscientious, alleging that he did not consider his mind sufficiently serious for so sacred a profession. This determination was afterwards a frequent subject of his regret. From this period he applied himself to surgery and physic—a choice which, alas! proved fatal to his morals and his health. By this means he became exposed to the snares and temptations with which the metropolis unhappily abounds. His temper was

so very lively, unsuspecting and pliable, that it soon appeared unequal to meet the dangers which surrounded him, while unavoidable exposure to fatigue, late hours, and the changes of this uncertain climate, added to his own inattention to his health, and many indiscretions, made a serious attack on his constitution, and completely undermined it. All this time he retained his respect for religion, and however inconsistent himself, admired consistency of character in others. His religious principles remained unshaken, although constantly exposed to the attacks of sceptics and infidels. He always discovered the highest respect for the Bible, and was never willingly absent from public worship. His errors and irregularities were a constant subject of his deep regret—frequently would he make the most serious resolutions to renounce them, and though nothing could exceed the amiableness of his conduct when at home, and the tender affection he always manifested to his parents and family. Yet when exposed to the temptations and enticements of the gay and dissipated, he, alas! as frequently violated his resolutions, and brought fresh guilt and distress upon his conscience; yet still hoping one day to gain the victory over himself.

The circumstances which immediately occasioned his death were peculiarly affecting. On the 17th of last October, he came to spend a month with his father, at Drayton Beauchamp. His health appeared much recruited, his spirits in their usual high tone, and his filial affection marked with more than common attention. His parents observed

with great satisfaction, a growing steadiness of conduct, a great dread of returning to the temptations of London, a very close application to study, and an increasing pleasure in religious duties and profitable conversation.

His mind appeared to have gained great improvement from a visit to a pious clergyman, the preceding August, and parental tenderness was beginning to anticipate with trembling joy, a rest from anxiety and a recompence for past solicitude, and that greatest joy of our children walking in the truth.

On the 6th November, his very friendly disposition, always ready to oblige, exposed him to very tempestuous weather and a severe north east wind; he got wet through and neglected to change his clothes. On the Monday following, in order to accommodate a friend, he got out of a hot coach and travelled on the outside, for the distance of twenty miles; he received by this kind, though imprudent conduct, a severe chill—and when his family returned to Paddington at the end of the week, he was contending with a violent inflammation of the lungs. This in the course of a fortnight, proved a decided pulmonary consumption, and terminated his life on the 19th of March last.

From this period, as the progress of the decline was awfully rapid, so the religious growth of his mind as rapidly advanced. His outward man decayed but the inward man as rapidly advanced day by day. Soon after his father's return to town, taking hold of his hand with great filial affection, he said "By this illness, I am losing as to medical knowledge, but I am gaining heavenly wisdom." When his father expressed concern that a visit to him should prove the immediate occasion of so very severe an illness, he observed, "I look upon it as a great mercy; had I come to

town, and got among my former companions, I might have gone on with them, and have been suddenly cut off, with no opportunity of reflection. It is a great mercy that this cold has attacked my lungs, it gives me time for prayer and repentance, and I hope never to forget the lesson of this dispensation." At another time as his father was standing by his bedside, he said "my dear father, your kindness and affection, have been the greatest restraint and control I have ever known. How often have they brought me back to your home; I think my situation very critical; I hope, if it please God, I shall recover; but if not we shall meet again in a few years; and what is time when compared to eternity—I sometimes think God will raise me up, and shew the change which his grace hath wrought in me. I have been most indulgently treated, I have been brought back to my God with mercy, not with terror. I sometimes fear that my convictions of sin have not been sufficiently deep; I certainly do grieve for my past conduct, and the anxiety I have given you." Dec. 22. He said, speaking of his removal to a warmer climate, "I believe but one journey remains for me, that is to the churchyard: but I feel cheerful and willing if God appoints it. I have most tenderly loved you as my Father, but what is time compared to eternity? I had much rather die than recover and return to my former habits.

Jan. 6th. He read the Rev. B. Whitaker's reflections on the progress of consumption, vide *Christian Observer*, 1806. Jan. 14. His father told him without any reserve that the faculty thought him worse, and that there was little or no hope of recovery. He observed with a christian dignity, "well I hope I shall feel this an additional stimulus to prepare for eternity: I certainly wish to live, if it be the will of God: at the same time if I am but fit to go, the prospect of

Heaven is far beyond any prospects of this world. I have no desponding fears of death and God will do what is best for me." He had fine talents for music, and played the organ in the true cathedral style. His remarks on music were very striking. "I am extravagantly fond of music; it has been a great snare to me; nothing is more injurious than light music. I perfectly approve of your wishing to keep songs entirely out of the house—music ought to be very select—music insinuates dissipation and bad sentiments, by the vehicle of delightful harmony, before it is suspected. Nothing is more injurious than Bacchanalian songs. I have felt worked up by them till I have forgot all my religious principles and broken all my resolutions." And again speaking to one of his sisters on the same subject, he said "I do not consider songs merely in this injurious point of view, but light airs, even without words, tend greatly to dissipate the mind, and we do not need any thing to do that, prone as we are to forget God." He retained his love of sacred music to the very last; had constantly a psalm or hymn played on a Forte Piano in his chamber, every day, till the Saturday before he died; and as long as his strength admitted, joined in singing at family prayers.

At another time he said "whether I live or die, I desire to be a true penitent, whether I go to heaven or not, I desire to die a penitent—and I desire to die as a sinner gazing on the cross of my Saviour." He manifested a very earnest desire for the spiritual welfare of others, with this design he selected an epitaph for his tomb, had it pinn'd up above the chimney piece in his chamber six weeks prior to his death, and used frequently to read it. He entreated a companion in former dissipations to read the Bible and set apart time for prayer. He prevailed on him to promise so to do. His friend deeply affected, remarked

that he never had such a parting with any one before, and hoped he never should forget it. After this, addressing his father who was waiting on him—he said I am quite grieved that you should have all this trouble. I confess I have acted a most ungrateful part towards you. It was not designed ingratitude, although it might appear so. I was hurried away by temptation. Ah! I have had many miserable hours, what a mercy to be delivered. I hope my conversation will be of use to my poor friend.—Feb. 28th, He appeared to be dying but revived. His father said to him, though it is agony to my feelings to see you in this declining state of health, yet I see you with a far greater pleasure than I did a twelve month ago. I remember that I one day said to you—you are in the broad way that leadeth to destruction, you will bring me to my grave—we shall part to meet no more; but now I trust we shall part to meet again. He replied yes, I doubt not you feel much happier now, we shall meet again never to part, no, never to part, never to part—an eternal interview, oh! blessed thought.

March 4th, During the night, his father observed while supporting him, My dear, how very thin you are, when will you get strength—he replied after a pause, with a most lovely countenance of peace and joy, in another world. His father wept and said, I can scarcely bear to hear that. After another pause, he looked at him very affectionately and said, would you not have me go to Heaven, Oh! if it were you, if you were dying, I should so rejoice to think of your happiness. I should say, my dear father is I trust going to everlasting glory. I should not mourn over you as you do after me. He could only speak with difficulty, but his mind seemed much engaged with the subject and after a pause of some time he proceeded. I often sit and

think of leaving you and my family and many whom I love, then lifting up his eyes to heaven, full of tears yet smiling he said, Oh! I think with such pleasure how I shall meet you all at the right hand of Christ.—When you come to heaven, with what pleasure shall I welcome your arrival.—
 March 5th, He remarked, I think it a great blessing that I have had so good a mother, I have not been able to appreciate her worth—I think I am only doing justice to myself to say that I have always avoided any thing that I thought might hurt her—I shall be glad to see her in the kingdom of glory. It is a great mercy that we have had so much family harmony, “and then addressing his brother, said, if ever we treat her with unkindness and disrespect, the blessing of God will not follow us.” Sunday, March 10, When his father returned from the monthly catechising of the children at Bentinck chapel, he said it is ten years since you began these public chatechisms, how time flies—Well, in twenty-five years we shall probably meet again, and all that I love? Oh! what a sweet thought to part no more forever. After this with tears in his eyes he said to his father, I wish you to live. I hope your life will be a great blessing to the children in the schools and in the congregation. I wish you to live as long as you can be useful, and then I hope you will be removed without a lingering illness.

Again he said, my death also may be a mercy of great extent—so many of my acquaintance will know of it—in the vast circle of our connexions, among children, and in the schools, it may be of great use. He alluded to the number of 400 children, who usually attend at the Chapel, March 13—He remarked, It has been a great mercy that I was a medical man, it has made me aware of my danger, otherwise I have felt occasionally so revived, that I should

have imagined that I was on the point of recovery. It has kept me from deceiving myself, as Cowper says, “There is mercy in every state,” &c.

About this period, the prominence of the bones of his back was so great that there was a necessity for the application of plasters—He bore it with great patience but could not help exclaiming, O! what am I come to! I little thought that I should ever come to this, but what a mercy is this, that I am surrounded by kind friends. Pray for me that I may have grace to help me in time of need.

March 15th—Addressing a younger brother he said, “grow in grace and in the knowledge of God.” This is the best life, I know it by experience, and again said, I hope my death will prove his life. Should my death prove life to his soul, I shall think it an object worth dying for.

His father had been speaking to him on the subject of receiving the holy Communion, and it was proposed that he should begin to communicate on the approaching Easter, being one of the three grand church festivals, if his life were spared till that time. He signified his wish and intention to receive it, and observed, I feel the same high reverence for all church institutions as you do. I think of all days. Good Friday seems especially suited for the communion, being the commemoration of the very day when it was first instituted, but I should not think of delaying it on that account. After commenting a short time on the words “do this in remembrance of me” he said we ought to bear in mind this mercy more frequently. When ever we partake of the bounties of Providence, whenever they gratify our taste or our sight, I mean every common mercy we partake of, it ought to be with remembrance of him. O! how happy would our lives be if we always felt so. After this he repeated

a hymn translated from a German version of the 63rd Psalm, and which often when in health, he would sing while he dressed himself.

"In blessing thee with thankful songs,
My happy life shall glide away;
The praise, which to thy name belong,
Daily with lifted hands I pray."

March 19th—In the morning being greatly oppressed with convulsive faintings, he said to his constant attendant E. D. this is hard work, hard work indeed, but God will support me through it.

After the Physician had been with him, his father said to him, Oh how should I rejoice to see you recovered? but I cannot see you suffer without suffering myself. He waved his hand and said, "do not talk of my sufferings. My sufferings are light and just; my sufferings are not more than I deserve, my sufferings are less than I deserve. I have acted very wrong, after such an education, and such friends, and so many; but I acted as if I had been possessed by the devil, and hurried away by him. I have acted like a madman. His father said, "what a mercy that you have now escaped the snare! I feel that I owe an eternity of praise to God for his goodness towards you." He replied yes, you must see me now with far greater pleasure than formerly; how would you have felt had you seen me sinking, and without any just sense of religion? His father said, "What a mercy is it that you feel so calm and happy; what is it my dear boy, that you derive this comfort from? He replied I cast myself as a sinner on the cross of my Saviour; I rely on him alone, and I trust I have repented truly of all my sins—His father after this, shewed him the dying prayer of the venerable Richard Hooker; and upon his expressing his wish that he would introduce it in prayer with him, knelt down by his bedside and used it as a form of prayer. He repeatedly said

how beautiful. After which his father proceeded with tears and prayers to implore, if it were the will of God, he might yet be restored, but if not he commended his child to his God and Saviour, praying for an easy dismissal, an abundant entrance into the kingdom of heaven, and that when he departed this life himself, his child might be permitted to come and meet him.—To this the expiring youth with great feeling added, Amen, Lord grant it.

About half past two o'clock, he asked for his favourite book, Dr. Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the soul," and read part of the 11th section of the 13th chapter entitled (*the christian knowing God by his dying behaviour.*) He observed! what precious promises? These are precious promises indeed. He continued reading some time with great pleasure and attention, perfectly collected and apparently revived. About half past 3 o'clock his father had scarcely left the room, when he was seized with a kind of fainting fit, and said to his attendant, I am over fatigued, I have talked too much. I have seen eight persons to day. Refreshment was offered him, he could not swallow it. He said it is of no use; it is of no use? He then felt his own pulse and remarked, this is hard work, this is a dying pulse: I never felt, I never felt—I never felt such faintings as these before—it will soon be over. This he spoke with surprise but not with terror. His attendant said, "well sir, I hope you feel happy in the prospect of death. He replied with a calm placid countenance, Oh yes perfectly so—She added you will soon see your Saviour.—He replied, yes, face to face, and taking her by the hand, said I hope we shall meet again. Shortly after he said, call my Father.

His father on coming into the room, found him in a cold shivering fit, with profuse perspirations run-

ding down his face and neck. He said I am very bad; his father replied yes, but you are in the hands of a good and gracious God, now is the time to look up to your Saviour.—He smiled and said, I do indeed.—His father added, you have blessed prospects, all is glory, glory before you. He said oh yes, I trust so—then lifting up his dying eyes, he said with a faint voice 'My mother,'—these were his last words, he just looked at her, then dropped his eyes—drew three long breaths at long intervals—and at a quarter before four expired.

The writer of this memoir, tenderly feeling for the temporal and eternal welfare of young people, cannot refrain from the following short observations, he trusts this narrative will admonish them to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, to avoid bad company, to fly from the avenues of temptation, to live soberly, righteously and godly—then will they be fit to live and fit to die. He trusts that they who have the care of young people, will, as much as possible, learn to keep them out of the way of temptation.

He trusts also, that this narrative will stimulate parents early to sow the seeds of religious knowledge.

The deceased youth had been accustomed, at an early age, to repeat the catechism, with Scripture Proofs, Bishop Gastrell's Christian Institutes, &c. And to compose once every week, on a religious subject. The gratitude with which, on his death bed, he acknowledged the blessings of a religious education was quite overwhelming. He trusts also, that should such parents, after all their care, experience disappointment, they will be encouraged by this narrative, still to persevere and wait and hope for the divine blessing. During the period when the deceased was unhappily led astray by the deceitfulness of the world and sin, his father appro-

priated more time than usual for prayer on his behalf, conversed with him as formerly on religious subjects, remonstrated with him on his conduct, always treated him with kindness, wrote to him when absent in an affectionate manner, and persisted in using every means to catch his attention, conciliate his affections and wean his heart back to the ways of God. This plan, by the divine blessing, appears to have succeeded—When religion resumed its influence, his immediate language was, "I will arise and go to my father." In reviewing this short and affecting history of a most tenderly beloved child—the father, whose heart bleeds over his tomb, feels apprehensive lest he did not sufficiently guard against the avenues of danger, watch the first rising of the root of bitterness, or lest he failed in the affection which he now indeed deeply feels was due to his child. One grand solace however still remains, this "my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found—*Vale, vale, at non in eternum.*"

The Rev. Joshua Mann, on the 31st of March, preached two sermons at Bentinck Chapel on the occasion of this youth's decease, the one on the duties of parents, the other on the duties of youth, in which these important subjects are discussed with equal discretion, delectacy and piety. They have since been published.

Lap-Man's Magazine.

Martinsburgh, March 14.

On Sunday the 31st December, eight new communicants came forward to the table of the Lord in Dumfries. Six of these were young:—How heart-cheering to behold those in the morn of life thus arranging themselves under the banner of Immanuel. A considerable addition to

the church in that place was made a short time previous, so that we may indulge the hope, there is a good work progressing there which will redound much to the glory of God.— May it progress until the whole people become zealous for the Lord of hosts—until every habitation have its altar of devotion, to which morn and eve the head of the family shall lead his little ones to offer adorations to the true Jehovah.

On Sunday the 24th December the Rt. Rev. Bishop Moore administered confirmation to 170 persons, in the Monumental Church in the city of Richmond.

On Sunday the 11th February, Mr. Samuel Lowe, of Fauquier, was admitted to the order of Deacon.

The following gentlemen compose the Standing Committee of Virginia, for the present year, viz.

Rev. Wm. H. Wilmer,	} Alexandria.
Rev. Oliver Norris,	
Rev. John Dunn, Leesburgh.	
Hon. Bushrod Washington, Mount Vernon.	
Hon. Wm. Crousch,	} Alexandria.
Edmund I. Lee, Esq.	

The Delegates to any special general Convention, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which may be called prior to the next session of the Convention of this state, are

Rev. W. H. Wilmer of Alexandria,
 Rev. Wm. Meade of Frederick,
 Rev. Wm. Hawley of Culpepper,
 Hon. Hugh Nelson of Albermarle,
 Gen. Charles F. Mercer of Loudon and
 Dr. John Adams of Richmond.

In a charge of the Archbishop of Canterbury to his clergy, in the year 1758, we find the following direction, as important now as then.

"To improve your people effectually to their future happiness, as well

as to silence false accusers, you must be assiduous in teaching the principles, not only of virtue and natural religion, but of the Gospel; and of the Gospel, not as almost explained away by modern refiners, but *as the truth is in Jesus*;* as it is taught by the church of which you are members; as you have engaged by your subscriptions and declarations, that you will teach it yourselves. You must preach to them faith in the ever-blessed Trinity: You must set forth the original corruption of our nature; our redemption, *according to God's eternal purpose in Christ*,† by the sacrifice of the cross; our sanctification by the influences of the Divine spirit; the insufficiency of our own good works, and the efficacy of faith to salvation: yet handling these points in a doctrinal, not controversial manner, unless particularly called to it; and even then treating adversaries with mildness and pity, not with bitterness or immoderate vehemence."

* Eph. iv. 21.

† Eph. iii. 11.

FREDERICKSBURGH, (Va.) Oct. 18.

"Peace be within thy walls."

On Saturday last, the 15th inst. the New Protestant Episcopal Church of St. George's Parish, in this town, was consecrated and dedicated to the service of Almighty God, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, assisted by the Rev. Mr. McGuire, (Minister of the parish) and the Rev. Mr. Hawley, of Culpeper—and divine service was performed therein for the first time.

The occasion brought together a larger congregation than was ever witnessed in this place. About sixty persons were confirmed; and the holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to more than one hundred communicants.

On the following day, some of the Pews were exposed for sale to the

highest bidder, and were bought up with the greatest avidity, at prices far exceeding the calculations of any one.—The whole number sold was 43, which brought \$10,730—averaging 216 dolls each. The highest price given was \$ 516, and the lowest \$135. The sum produced by the sale of this part being sufficient for all the present expenditures of the building, the remainder were reserved to be rented, or for other purposes. The whole of the spacious galleries are unsold, and are for the present free for the use of any who will visit the church.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of a young Lady.—They describe a scene in Connecticut.

O wild and rocky dell of wood!
To stranger's eye so stern and rude—
So fair to mine—so soft—so sweet—
With nameless imagery replete—
For scenes by mem'ry's hand pour-
tray'd,
Flow mingling with thy dewy shade,
And infant love, and childish sport,
And dazzling hopes that youth will
court,
And parted joys on pinions light,
Come sweeping o'er thy mountain
height,
And blending in a viewless train
They enter to my soul again.

No splendor gilds thy corn-clad
vales,
No sounds of commerce load thy
gales,
Yet o'er thy cliffs—thy mountains
hoar—
Thy cataracts tremendous roar—
O'er thy slow streams, whose gentle
trace,
Reflects the pale moon's fickle face,
A spirit moves, whose glancing eye
Can thrill the heart, and wake the
sigh
Of love, and peace and harmony.

O rude and rocky native spot,
Thy graces shall not be forgot.

What powerful hand can e'er un-
bind
The spell thou round my heart dost
wind,
Unless that hand the nerve had
broke
Which first that heart to feeling
woke.

I see thy lone and whiten'd spire
Give back the sun's departing fire,
While clouds of amber seem to drop
Their damp freight on thy mountain
top,
And low thy lofty forests nod,
As if upon their branches trod
Some viewless spirit, mild and fair,
To inhale the fragrance of the air.

Yet as I gaze, thy beauties fade,
Thy brown hill tops are dark with
shade,
For twilight spreads a shrouding
pale,
And Evening wraps thee in his veil,
Dark to my eye—but from my heart
Thy form engraved, can never part:
Adieu—Adieu—no fairer spot
Thine image from that heart shall
blot.

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